

ROWAN A GUEST

Rotarians Had Soldiers at C. of C. Luncheon Today.

George C. Bowman Talked on Poultry Packing.

SPECULATION IS EXAGGERATED

Eggs Bought in Heavy Production Season Are Held.

Then They Are Available When Hens Are Not Laying.

Col. Willie McD. Rowan of Garden City, commander of the 15th infantry, and Chaplain Sullivan, also of the same regiment, were the guests of honor at the weekly luncheon of the Rotary club held at the Chamber of Commerce today noon.

Both men made short talks, expressing in flattering terms their appreciation of the welcome that had been accorded the regiment in Topeka and thanking the city through the Chamber of Commerce for what had been done to make their stay in Topeka more interesting.

The most important talk of the meeting was made by George C. Bowman, president of the packing company. Bowman described the aim of the company as being to conserve the supply, eliminate waste, thereby reduce a real service to the public, both producer and consumer at a reasonable margin on the investment and effort expended.

It has only been about forty years, said Bowman, since we have had refrigeration facilities. Poultry and eggs are of reasonable production and perishable.

Store for Lean Seasons.

Bowman says that various articles given out by public officials have led the public to believe that eggs and poultry were being hoarded. He stated that so far as their products were

GOODBY, WOMEN'S TROUBLES

The tortures and discomforts of weak and aching back, swollen feet and limbs, weakness, dizziness, as a rule, have their origin in kidney trouble, not female complaints. These general symptoms of kidney and bladder disease are well known—so is the remedy.

Next time you feel a twinge of pain in the back or are troubled with headache, indigestion, insomnia, irritation in the bladder or pain in the loins and lower abdomen, you will find quick and sure relief in GOLD MEDAL Haemorrhoid Capsules. This old and tried remedy for kidney trouble and allied ailments has stood the test for hundreds of years. It does the work. Pains and troubles vanish and new life and health will come as you continue their use. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day.

GOLD MEDAL Haemorrhoid Capsules are imported from the laboratories at Haarlem, Holland. Do not accept a substitute. In sealed boxes, three sizes.

You feel different the minute you take it—a gentle soothing warmth fills the system. It's a pleasure to take Haemorrhoid Capsules. They help purify the blood, drive out the germs of winter, get you hustling, bustling, full of life and energy. 35c. Ten or Tablets. Geo. W. Stanfield, Adv.

BAD BREATH

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets Get at the Cause and Remove.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, act gently on the bowels and positively do the work. People afflicted with bad breath find quick relief through Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. These pleasant, sugar-coated tablets are taken for bad breath by all who know them.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets act gently but firmly on the bowels and liver, stimulating them to natural action, clearing the blood and gently purifying the entire system. They do that which dangerous calomel does without any of the bad after effects.

All the benefits of drastic, sickening, gripping cathartics are derived from Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets without gripping, pain or any disagreeable effects.

Dr. F. M. Edwards discovered the formula after seventeen years of practice among patients afflicted with bowel and liver complaint, with the attendant bad breath.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are purely a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil; you will know them by their olive color. Take one or two every night for a week and note the effect. 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

Advertisement.

WANTED

Ladies for Queen Contest

\$100 Diamond Ring to be Given Away

The Ring is now on display in the Warden Jewelry Store Window.

For further information call or see committee

MOOSE CLUB

PHONE 479

HE RAPS OFFICERS

Captain MacLean Tells How They Handicapped Men.

Rank Favoritism Was Practiced on Many Occasions.

OFTEN NEAR BREAKING POINT

Blackhand Letters Written on Boat Coming Home.

Allen Criticism Kept Battery Out of Germany.

"The bravery, pep and obedience of the Kansas boys in the 130th field artillery won us laurels despite their misfortune in commanding officers." Thus did Capt. W. P. MacLean, commander of Battery A, sum up the experiences of the Topeka and Kansas boys on the battlefields of France. Captain MacLean was found at his home at 903 Clay street this morning after finishing the first breakfast he has eaten at home for two years.

Five small seaplanes circled about as the huge air boats roared into the first jump of the day. A dirigible also was in the air. These six craft were expected to form an escort for the journey across the Atlantic. The journey was made in a dirigible, where the trail leads from Long Island.

The sky was grey and there was a mist over the water before the planes started, but a west wind made starting conditions favorable. Reports from the New England and Nova Scotia coast also made it desirable to start the flight today.

Naval officers said it was expected to make the flight from here to Halifax in seven and a half hours.

Change in One Crew.

A last minute change was made in the crew of the NC-4, Chief Special Mechanic E. H. Howard having his hand cut off by a propeller blade. His place was taken by Chief Mechanic's Mate Rhodes.

The "finishing" of the squadron was the NC-3, carrying Commander Towers. The NC-4 was in charge of Lieutenant Commander Read and the NC-1 of Lieut. Commander Bellinger.

Personnel of Crews.

The crews were: NC-2—Commander H. C. Richardson, Lieut. D. H. McCullough, Lieut. Commander R. L. Laverne, Machinist L. R. Moore and Lieut. B. Rhodes. NC-4—Lieut. E. F. Stone, Lieut. W. H. Hinton, Ensign H. C. Reed, Chief Mechanic's Mate Rhodes and Lieut. J. L. Breese.

NC-1—Lieut. Commander M. A. Mitchell, Lieut. T. L. Barrin, Lieut. H. S. Satter, Chief Mechanic's Mate C. J. Kesler and Machinist R. Christensen.

(NC stands for "Navy-Curtis," the name of the big machine.)

There was only a small crowd to witness the start. A few relatives of the crews, some newspaper editors and a group of newspaper correspondents saw the machines take the air. There was no cheering.

Two women standing close to the water's edge wept as the propellers whirled. They were the wives of men on one of the planes.

The machines circled about the bay to get height and squadron formation. Then, with the NC-3 leading the way, they headed for the open sea.

A submarine chaser churned the water in hot pursuit with the intention of keeping them in view a short while after they were gone.

The aviators wore leather clothing, the dress of the naval flyers.

The exact moment of the start was 9:59 a. m.

It was announced that they would follow the coast on the trip to Halifax. The distance is 540 nautical miles.

Coast Guards Sight Planes.

New York, May 8.—First reports from the three navy transatlantic flyers, on route to Halifax, came from the coast guard station at Long Beach, Long Island, where the lifeguards observed the seaplanes flying in close formation at an altitude of about 500 feet.

Bridge of Boats Ready.

Aboard U. S. S. Prairie, Trepasser Bay, N. F., May 8.—The American fleet of boats from Newfoundland to the Azores for protection of the NC-3 and NC-4 on their transatlantic flight will be ready by Saturday, according to the British navy.

Lieutenant Pearce of the British navy visited the American squadron and remarked that Pilots Raynham and Hawker of the British navy at St. Johns will probably not attempt a start for some time.

ASKS COURT PROTECTION

Mrs. Katharine Artile Makes Charges Against Husband.

A restraining order to enjoin her husband from molesting her was issued in the district court Wednesday afternoon on the motion of Mrs. Katharine Artile, 1024 North Madison street.

A few days ago her husband, Clemens Artile, filed a suit for divorce charging that his wife had threatened to kill him, that she neglected her home, incurred large bills that he could not pay and cursed and abused him.

Mrs. Artile in her motion declared that her husband had put her out in the street, that he had threatened to kill her, that he had repeatedly assaulted, beaten and kicked her. She said he had procured the assistance of a police officer, named Bierwerth, 536 E. 82d, to cheat and defraud her of her household goods by inducing her, against her will, to sign an instrument which he could not read. They had made threats to take the furniture out of her house, she says.

FILM NOT CENSORED

That Is Charge Made Against Manager of the Cozy.

A complaint has been made in the court of Topeka by L. G. Vaughan, charging Ruth Wright, owner and manager of the Cozy theater, with showing a film before it had been approved by the Kansas state board of review.

The picture was named as "Borrowed Money," and was shown at the Cozy this week. It is said to be a product of the Jewel Film company.

BURGLAR GOT JEWELS

Mrs. Anna Monteth, However, Will Give Out No Information.

Burglars who entered the house of Mrs. Anna Monteth, 700 Fillmore street, Wednesday night, got away with a large amount of jewelry, according to the police. Among the articles missing today, according to the report made to the police, is a solid gold bracelet with the initials "M. M.", a gold watch with a diamond set, an enamel pin, a ring with coral sets and pearls around the edge, a purse containing cash and a necklace of enamel design with turquoise sets.

The police were told that a young man wearing a dark suit and a cap was seen to enter the back door. He was between 20 and 25 years old and weighed about 160. It was said, Mrs. Monteth today at first denied that her house had been robbed, and later declined to discuss the matter and would reveal no information. The value of the jewelry was not stated.

AUTO BADLY DAMAGED

Harold Burger of Overbrook Had Narrow Escape in Accident.

A motor car driven by Harold Burger, of Overbrook, was badly damaged this morning when it was hit by a street car near the fair grounds. Burger was driving east and the street car was going west around the "loop" when the accident occurred. No one was injured.

Complete Automobile Insurance—The Clarence B. Jordan Insurance Service, phone 37—Adv.

WELCOME NOTES

(Continued from Page One.)

The first train had unloaded and the crowd around the depot was beginning to thin out. Near the edge of the roped-off space on the north side a member of Battery A and a girl stood apart. Not a word was being spoken; they were just standing looking at each other. It was one of those moments of heavenly happiness when the tongue becomes dumb, words fail and the eyes speak for the soul, as only the eyes of lovers can speak.

A call for Dick Newman went out from the section where relatives and friends were being brought together. Dick Newman is a State Journal man in Battery A. Paul Morgan, another State Journal man, and another brother, were also there. Dick Newman was a member of the old friends on every side. Then there was Ralph Davis and Sgt. Maj. San Jarrell, both former State Journal men.

Two pretty Lawrence girls were so enthused over meeting two of their boy friends as the train pulled thru the university city that they stayed right on the train and rode with the boys to Topeka. Here, they had the time of their young lives at the dance at the Elks club.

One section didn't stop at the Union Pacific station. The train pulled across Kansas avenue and was down to the yards. And, if you think hobbles are any impediment on speed you should have seen the excellent "train" which was in the following that train into the yards.

As the train pulled in a man with a babe in his arms saw his brother in the car window. Running alongside the car the man held the babe high and the soldier boy played with the kid while the train was in motion.

A tall, husky artilleryman was plowing thru the crowd to the street car track, his right arm around his mother and the left around his sister, the father was a rear guard maneuver, stepping on the heels of all of them in an effort to hear everything.

"Mother," a man's voice called huskily, "my boy, my baby boy, a woman sobbed in a piteous voice. They rushed into each other's arms. Their conversation, too, was limited to the first remarks repeated over and over. But it was enough. Three other soldiers stood by. Evidently they were expecting no relatives in Topeka. They stood and looked on with amused, happy, satisfied smiles on their faces. "I've got you now and I'm going to let you go again," the mother sobbed, her face wreathed in smiles but with tears streaming from her eyes. "That's the stuff," said the soldier, "I don't want away."

"Aren't you proud of those two gold stars?" a girl murmured softly to her soldier sweetheart. "Yes, hon," he answered, "but there is one more stripe I will be a lot gladder to get. I'll get it in a little while. You'll see it when you see it." And he pointed to the upper part of his left arm. "I won't begin to breathe easy until I get it either."

"John, wasn't there a single French girl with that sort of liked pretty well, you know," said a girl, as she looked up at her sweetheart, half suspicious jealousy mingled with a love of knowledge. "I would like to see that French girl just once." "No, babe, there wasn't a soldier in this man's army ever fell for any of those French dames. Say, they just didn't have class enough for a bunch of buddies like us. And listen to me, Sweet, there never was and never will be another girl like you. You're a French girl, but you're a French girl. From her smile she evidently did. It's a great old story when you tell it right and that boy was good."

It has been a long time since many soldiers wearing the crossed gun insignia of the artillery have been seen in the streets of Topeka. Today the artillery insignia was out in full force. "I sure looks mighty fine to see the little cross atop with the number '130' on 'em," said a man on the streets this morning.

"I don't know what to do in this place," said a soldier easing his way thru the mob at the station. "If they were all soldiers you could say, 'Gangway there. Hot stuff coming.' But they are mostly women. I guess you just have to knock 'em down."

A boy was unconsciously, happily humming the "Ja Da" tune. His soldier sweetheart, regarding him with the deepest interest, a whimsical smile on his face. "Sing the words to that tune," the soldier requested. The other sang, "What's that?—jingle-jingle—those those words?" "Humm, that's funny. You know that song was new to us when we were in France. At the barracks house we played it over about a hundred times trying to learn the words."

"We thought the people of the good old country were so dumb and slow they were becoming like the French people. At Lawrence a girl sang that song and

Welcome! Welcome Home! Returning Soldiers!



Harold Burger of Overbrook Had Narrow Escape in Accident.

A motor car driven by Harold Burger, of Overbrook, was badly damaged this morning when it was hit by a street car near the fair grounds. Burger was driving east and the street car was going west around the "loop" when the accident occurred. No one was injured.

Complete Automobile Insurance—The Clarence B. Jordan Insurance Service, phone 37—Adv.

WELCOME NOTES

(Continued from Page One.)

The first train had unloaded and the crowd around the depot was beginning to thin out. Near the edge of the roped-off space on the north side a member of Battery A and a girl stood apart. Not a word was being spoken; they were just standing looking at each other. It was one of those moments of heavenly happiness when the tongue becomes dumb, words fail and the eyes speak for the soul, as only the eyes of lovers can speak.

A call for Dick Newman went out from the section where relatives and friends were being brought together. Dick Newman is a State Journal man in Battery A. Paul Morgan, another State Journal man, and another brother, were also there. Dick Newman was a member of the old friends on every side. Then there was Ralph Davis and Sgt. Maj. San Jarrell, both former State Journal men.

Two pretty Lawrence girls were so enthused over meeting two of their boy friends as the train pulled thru the university city that they stayed right on the train and rode with the boys to Topeka. Here, they had the time of their young lives at the dance at the Elks club.

One section didn't stop at the Union Pacific station. The train pulled across Kansas avenue and was down to the yards. And, if you think hobbles are any impediment on speed you should have seen the excellent "train" which was in the following that train into the yards.

As the train pulled in a man with a babe in his arms saw his brother in the car window. Running alongside the car the man held the babe high and the soldier boy played with the kid while the train was in motion.

A tall, husky artilleryman was plowing thru the crowd to the street car track, his right arm around his mother and the left around his sister, the father was a rear guard maneuver, stepping on the heels of all of them in an effort to hear everything.

"Mother," a man's voice called huskily, "my boy, my baby boy, a woman sobbed in a piteous voice. They rushed into each other's arms. Their conversation, too, was limited to the first remarks repeated over and over. But it was enough. Three other soldiers stood by. Evidently they were expecting no relatives in Topeka. They stood and looked on with amused, happy, satisfied smiles on their faces. "I've got you now and I'm going to let you go again," the mother sobbed, her face wreathed in smiles but with tears streaming from her eyes. "That's the stuff," said the soldier, "I don't want away."

"Aren't you proud of those two gold stars?" a girl murmured softly to her soldier sweetheart. "Yes, hon," he answered, "but there is one more stripe I will be a lot gladder to get. I'll get it in a little while. You'll see it when you see it." And he pointed to the upper part of his left arm. "I won't begin to breathe easy until I get it either."

"John, wasn't there a single French girl with that sort of liked pretty well, you know," said a girl, as she looked up at her sweetheart, half suspicious jealousy mingled with a love of knowledge. "I would like to see that French girl just once." "No, babe, there wasn't a soldier in this man's army ever fell for any of those French dames. Say, they just didn't have class enough for a bunch of buddies like us. And listen to me, Sweet, there never was and never will be another girl like you. You're a French girl, but you're a French girl. From her smile she evidently did. It's a great old story when you tell it right and that boy was good."

It has been a long time since many soldiers wearing the crossed gun insignia of the artillery have been seen in the streets of Topeka. Today the artillery insignia was out in full force. "I sure looks mighty fine to see the little cross atop with the number '130' on 'em," said a man on the streets this morning.

"I don't know what to do in this place," said a soldier easing his way thru the mob at the station. "If they were all soldiers you could say, 'Gangway there. Hot stuff coming.' But they are mostly women. I guess you just have to knock 'em down."

A boy was unconsciously, happily humming the "Ja Da" tune. His soldier sweetheart, regarding him with the deepest interest, a whimsical smile on his face. "Sing the words to that tune," the soldier requested. The other sang, "What's that?—jingle-jingle—those those words?" "Humm, that's funny. You know that song was new to us when we were in France. At the barracks house we played it over about a hundred times trying to learn the words."

"We thought the people of the good old country were so dumb and slow they were becoming like the French people. At Lawrence a girl sang that song and

then asked why the soldiers all blushed and got all fussed up. The whole regiment thought the song was about a jig-something tune. Ooo-lala—but we were all wrong."

A girl made a flying tackle. She almost fell but her lips made connection with the lips of a happy artilleryman. A small group of soldiers hurried past at that moment. Just one passing glance. "Looked to me like one of them remarked as he went on his way."

"Comin' over on the boat," said a cannoner of the Argonne. "I was slinging hash. I had two tables to serve. We were pulling into the harbor. Cheers broke out all around me. I knew they were seeing something above. Just then two women sat down at my table. They were pretty too. One of them was looking at me. I knew that old girl standing out there in the big drink. 'Ladies, I said, 'you're too late. I'm sorry but I am going to be long gone.'"

"How do you like this parade stuff?" a soldier was asked. "Oh, all right. But boy, buddy, I looked out the window at Kansas City and when I saw all that howling, shouting, pushing, fighting mob I thought I was in place. I looked out the window and saw that old girl standing out there in the big drink. 'Ladies, I said, 'you're too late. I'm sorry but I am going to be long gone.'"

"On the train from Kansas City. A soldier spread himself about Capper and Allen. "I suppose now we will have to listen to a lot more howling from those politicians." He continued to express his views to the amusement of his comrades who smiled in happy knowledge. "I would like to see that Capper guy just once." "Well, look him over," said his buddy, "that's him right across the aisle."

Topeka clothing stores did a big business this morning. A great many of the Topeka boys who expect to get into "civies" by Sunday decided to stock up now so that they will be able to lay aside the O. D. the minute they get their discharges. Silk shirts and silk socks were the favorites.

"Yeah, I'm going to work pretty soon when I get out," a Topeka boy told his friends today. "But when I get back from Funston I have a girl at home and one at Kansas City. I will have to see before I can settle down to labor again."

Congressman Homer Hoch of the Fourth district was here today to aid in the reception of returning members of the 13th infantry from Funston. Accompanying him was a number of Marion county soldiers home following their discharge at Camp Funston. He came here with a delegation of Marion business men.

A Topekan who is a member of the headquarters company claims to have known more Topeka beauties than any other member of the 13th that came in Wednesday night. "There was Helen and Betty and Dorothy and—well, I could name all of them, but it would take too long," he said, wearily. His brother, who also was in the headquarters company, heard him and turned on his heel and walked away, exclaiming, "Oh, he—"

Dr. D. F. Longenecker of Emporia came up to meet his son, Don Longenecker, who is a member of the 130th

HOME OF HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES
Auerbach & Guettel
The Palace
CLOTHING CO.

Bargain Friday

Real Money Savings for You

Very Striking Values Friday in Suits for Men and Young Men at \$25

These are special; some Hart Schaffner & Marx; they're worth a good deal more than \$25. It's a satisfaction to us to have them to offer. Of superior workmanship, in the latest weaves. A special event for you Friday at

\$25

Young Men! Have You Ever Tried on a Hart Schaffner & Marx Waist Seam Suit?

Then you haven't any idea of how becoming they are; every young man looks good in them. They're not just a fad either; there's too good a reason for them; they give you the well set-up appearance; erect, full chested; narrow through the waist. That's why you'd better let us try one on you; there are many variations of this popular style, at all prices—

\$35 \$40 \$45 \$50

Young Men's Friday Suit Special

This means what it says. Wonderful values in young men's stylish suits, odd lots and makers' samples—blues, greens, browns, light and medium Scotch fabrics, made by Hart Schaffner & Marx—grand \$25 and \$30 kinds. \$17.50 Special Friday.

Men—Don't Miss This Suit Sale

Special offer of men's and young men's Spring Suits, all-wool fabrics, worsteds, chevots and cassimeres; light and dark colors; sizes to fit every shape. This is a special lot of high grade \$20 to \$25 suits—price Friday only—

\$15 (Basement)

Young Men—Get This

A fine lot of young men's suits, including High School Jr., English models, odds and ends of \$15 to \$20 kinds—all styles—fine values—Friday (Basement). \$9.00

H. S. & M. odd Trousers—Men's Worsteds and ers made from suit ends. Plain and Trousers—all all-wool, fine goods. Sizes, Worth \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12, \$14, \$16, \$18, \$20, \$22, \$24, \$26, \$28, \$30, \$32, \$34, \$36, \$38, \$40, \$42, \$44, \$46, \$48, \$50. Basement. \$5 Friday—Basement. \$4

then asked why the soldiers all blushed and got all fussed up. The whole regiment thought the song was about a jig-something tune. Ooo-lala—but we were all wrong."

A girl made a flying tackle. She almost fell but her lips made connection with the lips of a happy artilleryman. A small group of soldiers hurried past at that moment. Just one passing glance. "Looked to me like one of them remarked as he went on his way."

"Comin' over on the boat," said a cannoner of the Argonne. "I was slinging hash. I had two tables to serve. We were pulling into the harbor. Cheers broke out all around me. I knew they were seeing something above. Just then two women sat down at my table. They were pretty too. One of them was looking at me. I knew that old girl standing out there in the big drink. 'Ladies, I said, 'you're too late. I'm sorry but I am going to be long gone.'"

"How do you like this parade stuff?" a soldier was asked. "Oh, all right. But boy, buddy, I looked out the window at Kansas City and when I saw all that howling, shouting, pushing, fighting mob I thought I was in place. I looked out the window and saw that old girl standing out there in the big drink. 'Ladies, I said, 'you're too late. I'm sorry but I am going to be long gone.'"

"On the train from Kansas City. A soldier spread himself about Capper and Allen. "I suppose now we will have to listen to a lot more howling from those politicians." He continued to express his views to the amusement of his comrades who smiled in happy knowledge. "I would like to see that Capper guy just once." "Well, look him over," said his buddy, "that's him right across the aisle."

Topeka clothing stores did a big business this morning. A great many of the Topeka boys who expect to get into "civies" by Sunday decided to stock up now so that they will be able to lay aside the O. D. the minute they get their discharges. Silk shirts and silk socks were the favorites.

"Yeah, I'm going to work pretty soon when I get out," a Topeka boy told his friends today. "But when I get back from Funston I have a girl at home and one at Kansas City. I will have to see before I can settle down to labor again."

Congressman Homer Hoch of the Fourth district was here today to aid in the reception of returning members of the 13th infantry from Funston. Accompanying him was a number of Marion county soldiers home following their discharge at Camp Funston. He came here with a delegation of Marion business men.

A Topekan who is a member of the headquarters company claims to have known more Topeka beauties than any other member of the 13th that came in Wednesday night. "There was Helen and Betty and Dorothy and—well, I could name all of them, but it would take too long," he said, wearily. His brother, who also was in the headquarters company, heard him and turned on his heel and walked away, exclaiming, "Oh, he—"

Dr. D. F. Longenecker of Emporia came up to meet his son, Don Longenecker, who is a member of the 130th

spilled him. Hit the ground myself. I jumped up, clicked my heels together, came to attention, saluted and apologized to the officer. It was the parade went past some boys. "That's all right, boy," he said. "That's the way I came in. There is the man I knocked down."

"Who won the war?" shouted a boy from the 130th field artillery, as the parade went past some boys. "The home guards on duty. 'The home guards,' shouted a chorus of artillerymen. 'Take hell,' snapped back a red-tongued guard. 'You're a hell of a hustling for the liberty loan.'"

Picture yourself in a "new" car

—but "new" as to finish only. It's your comfortable, proven companion of last year's trips! Plus handsome, mirror-smooth body, running-gear and wheels as glossy and bright as new.

The Guaranteed LEVOE Motor Car Finish

effects this transformation. It dries so quickly that your "new" car will be ready to drive in 24 hours. Its durability keeps your car looking clean, bright and new indefinitely. Sun, sand, mud, rain or snow will not affect the hard, smooth, high-gloss finish.

We can supply Devoe Motor Car Finish in seven handsome colors—cream, blue, green, red, maroon, black and gray. Some men prefer the poplar dull gray—we have that also.

You'll be pleased with Devoe Motor Car Finish. Made by the oldest paint manufacturers in America. Guarantee to give satisfaction.